



Victim Impact Statement

(Cover Page)

Victim Impact Statement of:

JACK ROZEN

(name of victim)

☒ ORIGINAL

Feb 20/2013

(date)

☐ UPDATE

(date)

CASE IDENTIFICATION	
Regina v. <u>MICHAEL NEWMAN</u>	(name of accused)
COURT FILE #: <u>25031</u>	

Please sign your Victim Impact Statement, attach it to this page
and contact your Victim Service Worker or Crown Counsel for
delivery instructions.

I, _____	have completed this statement on behalf of the victim because
(Name)	

My relationship to the victim is: _____	
Date: _____	Signature: _____

Crown Counsel is required by law to provide a copy of your Victim
Impact Statement to defence counsel or to the accused. You may be
required to testify about the contents of this document.

Your Victim Impact Statement may also be requested by the National or Provincial Parole Boards, and the federal or provincial corrections authorities. It may be considered when the offender becomes eligible for release or used in the preparation of reports for the judge prior to sentencing. Please sign below to give your permission for this form to be given to these authorities. (Your permission is not needed if the Victim Impact Statement is filed in Court.)

Signature: [Signature]

The murder of my only son Marc Aaron Rozen, took place nine years ago - January 6, 2004 – we were all looking forward to celebrate Marc's launch of a new youth program initiative that focused on his passion to support troubled youth in our community. He had given up his law practice and Marc wanted to assist youth by helping them to build life skills through career training. The fostering of their self-confidence, self-worth and self-esteem was everything to my son. This year was supposed to be his year. Instead, Marc's life was brutally taken away. He was never to realize the dream that he worked hard to achieve and so rightly deserved!

Marc's death was the most horrific day in my life and the life of my wife and my daughter. It was a personal loss of the greatest magnitude. It was a tragedy.

I am a Holocaust survivor from the war torn Europe. I witnessed the evil perpetrated on the Jewish people by a maniac and his legion of followers. I thought that there would never be anything that could destroy me more than what I experienced during the war; the loss of my mother, father, and 4 older brothers. However, I was wrong -it was the day I lost my son, Marc.

Life was very precious to my son. He always felt a deep sense of responsibility to me because of the abnormal childhood and suffering I experienced while growing up in Brussels Belgium. Marc's sensitivity and compassion towards me, as well as to others less fortunate than himself was reflected in the way he chose to live his life. He believed that he could make a difference. Marc was a living example of a *Spirit of Generosity*. He wished all well and always signed off on his written communications with the beautiful salutation - "*Nhamastay*."

"I honor the place in you where Spirit lives. I honor the place in you which is of Love, of Truth, of Light, of Peace, when you are in that place in you and I am in that place in me then we are One."

For me, my son Marc was a source of great pride and joy. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't feel the presence of my son Marc looking over my shoulder to make sure that I am OK and checking in.

Marc was my greatest contribution to the world - a symbol of love. Marc's birth brought me the sense and hope that the Rozen family name, through my son, would continue to exist for my family for generations to come. I was always grateful to know that in our small family unit of 4, my daughter would never be alone. She would have her brother to be with her in the years ahead; to look after each other when I was no longer around to do this job! My daughter is now an only child and my wife and I are experiencing the anguish and unnatural cycle of surviving a child; our dearly beloved son.

Marc's murder is a confirmation that ugliness and evil still exist. It confirms that there are people who will take another person's life and have no respect for G-d's most beautiful creation.

Marc's life was taken and a personal hell worse than the hell of my childhood has once again returned.



Victim Impact Statement

(Cover Page)

Victim Impact Statement of: DOREEN ROZEN
(name of victim)

☐ ORIGINAL FEBRUARY 20/13 ☐ UPDATE _____
(date) (date)

Regina v. <u>NEWMAN</u> (name of accused)	CASE IDENTIFICATION
COURT FILE #: <u>25031</u>	

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My relationship to the victim is: _____	
Date: _____	Signature: _____

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Nothing could possibly have prepared me for all the emotions that I felt on September 19, 1965, the day my son Marc was born. No one could have explained the instant love that engulfed me and the total bond that I felt when he was laid down into my arms. Marc's first cries pierced my soul and I vowed to comfort and protect him then and forever - from any discomfort, hurt, or harm that may ever come his way.

I adored being Marc's mother. I adored watching him grow from a baby to an amazing young man- I adored his creativity, accomplishments, and his selflessness. I adored his appreciative nature and the way he gave of himself to all his friends. I adored his physical presence – his hugs, his kisses. I adored sitting at the foot of his bed while his room was dark and he was in bed getting ready to fall asleep. We would talk quietly together about life and he would share his stories and thoughts, plans and aspirations.

On January 5, 2004, my husband and I had dinner at Marc's new apartment.

The next day, January 6, 2004, - 9 years ago, my son, Marc, was brutally murdered. For almost nine years I suffered with the mental images of that horrible day. Then on September 8, 2012 Marc's trial began.

During the trial my wounded heart and soul opened even further; my agony beyond console. I learned more about how my son had died. His death was brutal He had been gruesomely murdered, his body desecrated -not only was my child shot four times, 62 knife wounds were inflicted on his G-d given body. I visualize the murder scene daily and it brings me great pain. I failed my son - I could not shelter him from his brutal untimely death.

For 9 years, I have lived with and until I die will continue to live with, - heart break, emptiness and sorrow. I lost a very precious gift – Marc Aaron Dov Rozen – my son

I am extremely sad Not just for myself, my husband, my daughter, my grandson, and my granddaughter and Marc's friends, but for the hundreds and thousands that will never have an opportunity to know my Marc. Instead, we all share the existing deprivation left behind by his death.

*the many High School basketball groups that he coached with such zeal and enthusiasm – Marc the outstanding athlete won't be there to volunteer to teach and train them in a sport that he adored

*young people at the Maples Adolescent Treatment Center, Street People, - the Homeless of all different ages, - all those who Marc felt led a less fortunate life than himself - Marc - won't be there to bring them food and clothing or to counsel and guide them with his rare and special goodness and his talents of understanding, caring, & healing

*people living in foreign lands will not have the pleasure of learning about Marc's beloved family and his adored Canada – Marc the world traveler , communicator and the ambassador of good will won't be there to tell his fascinating stories or show them his rag eared family album that he carried with him throughout the world.

Marc loved people.

Marc loved life.

All our lives have been diminished.

I shall be eternally grateful to G-d for blessing me by giving me 38 years with my son, Marc.



Ministry of Attorney General
Criminal Justice Branch

Victim Impact Statement

(Cover Page)

Victim Impact Statement of:

Liza Rozen-Delman
(name of victim)

☐ ORIGINAL 06/02/2013
(date)

☐ UPDATE _____
(date)

CASE IDENTIFICATION	
Regina v. <u>Michael Newman</u>	(name of accused)
COURT FILE #: <u>25031-1</u>	

Please sign your Victim Impact Statement, attach it to this page
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delivery instructions.

I, <u>Liza Rozen-Delman</u> have completed this statement on behalf of the victim because (Name)	
My relationship to the victim is: <u>Sister</u>	
Date: <u>06/02/2013</u>	Signature: <u>[Signature]</u>

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Signature: <u>[Signature]</u>	

How do I possibly express the impact of the loss of my brother in my life? There are no words that could express my complete and under sadness. This kind of pain continues to rock my inner soul each and everyday that I have to live without Marc.

Marc was my only sibling; my older brother. From the time we were little, Marc was my playmate, my coach and my mentor. I idolized my big brother. When my brother said that he needed me to do something for him, I could not do it fast enough. It started at a young age, when Marc had his first job, a paper route. Marc would often ask me to deliver the papers for him and I said, "OK". When my brother dared me to ride my bicycle over 6 garbage cans like Evil Kneivel the stunt driver, I said "I can do it". When my brother asked me to take him and his friends to the airport in the middle of the night to catch a flight, I said "of course". I would do anything for my brother. I always wanted to impress Marc and make sure he would think I was the best little sister in the world.

As unusual as this may sound, from an early age my brother and I had an unspoken form of communication that kept us connected and would continuously bring us closer. My brother would leave his wallet and all his important documents in his second drawer in his bedroom. When Marc was out of the house, I would "sneak" into his room, open the sacred drawer and spend several hours reading all his stuff. I would know everything there was to know about his life by reading what I found in his drawer. Marc would come home; see the drawer had been opened and he never said one word to me about ruffling through his belongings; why ? because this was our unspoken world that only we shared. I know he left his stuff there purposely for me to see.

We depended on each other as we only had each other. We grew-up saying that we would always be there for one another forever. We made promises to each other to grow old together, raise our kids together, and live life together. All our hopes and dreams were taken away January 6th 2004.

I have been forced to live life day-by-day, lonely, and longing for my brother to walk through my front door, asking me "What's for dinner"? I loved the fact that my brother was always willing, know matter how close or far apart we lived over the years, to visit me regularly. Marc was a great Uncle. He was loved and adored my children. My son was 6 years old and my daughter was 2 years old when I was forced to shatter the innocence and purity of their world. Their beloved Uncle was murdered! What words would I possibly use to explain this tremendous violent atrocity that would not leave my children scared for the rest of their lives? Why should my children have to deal with this terror? How painful is it, that my children will never have their Uncle at their sporting events, school plays, and family dinners. My children didn't get the chance they so rightfully deserve; a loving Uncle in their life.

Over the past nine years my children have witnessed my tears, my pain and my fears. I try to make sense of this absolutely senseless crime but of course I can't. I live my life in terror just thinking about how my brother died. How absolutely terrified my brother must have been. I try hard to play games in mind, by telling myself that Marc is travelling far away and he is coming home soon. Then that soon never comes and my brother never returns. I want my brother to come home. I want to hear my brother's voice. I want a big hug from my brother. I want my big brother to protect me from all the bad in this world. But he will never be able to do this because the bad and ugly in this world has killed him and taken him away from me!!!! I have no choice but to struggle to remain strong and try to live the life my brother would have wanted for me. My brother had so much to give and so much to contribute to this world. Marc Aaron Rozen was a beautiful human-being that wanted peace and love for all; Nhamaste.